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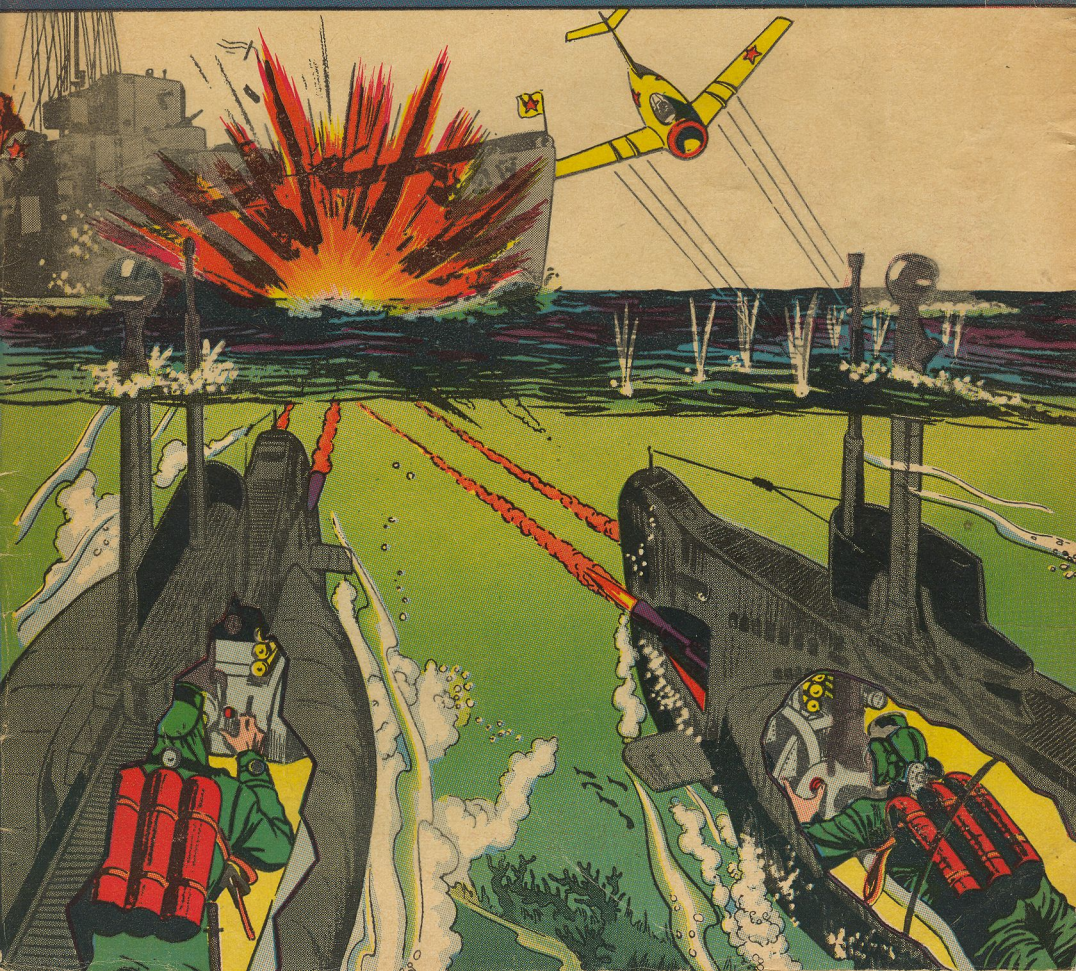
**FIGHTING**

**U.S. NAVY FROGMEN**

No.2

10c

# UNDERSEA COMMANDOS







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# The U.S. NAVY'S FROGMEN IN ACTION!

TIME AFTER TIME THE ENEMY SUBMARINE PACK STRUCK! AND EVERY TIME A SNORKEL PERISCOPE POKED OUT OF THE SEA AND A TORPEDO BUBBLED TOWARD ITS TARGET, A U.N. SHIP WENT DOWN TO DESTRUCTION! IN DESPERATION, THE SUPREME U.N. COMMAND ORDERED THE U.S. NAVY'S **UNDERWATER DEMOLITION TEAM** TO BE DROPPED INTO THE SEA OFF THE BEACHES OF SMALL, ENEMY-HELD PEICHU ISLAND! SURROUNDED ON ALL SIDES BY A DEADLY ENEMY THEY FACED THE TASK OF SEARCHING-OUT AND DESTROYING... "THE HIDDEN MENACE!"

THEY WERE  
OUTNUMBERED  
**FIFTY TO ONE!**  
THE OVERWHELMING  
ODDS TURNED THE  
LITTLE ISLAND INTO A  
**"PLAYGROUND OF DEATH!"**

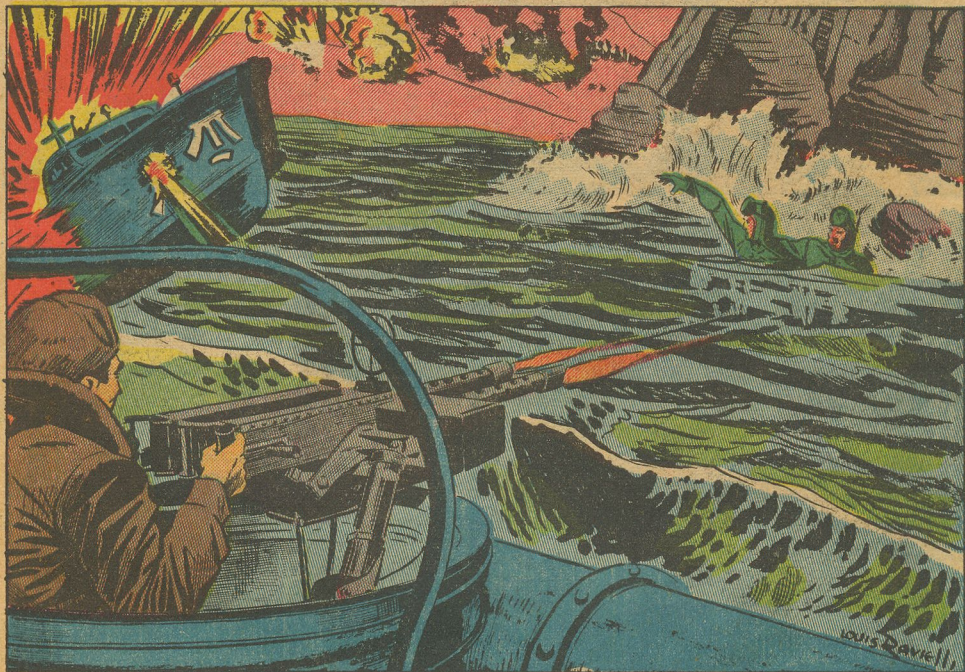
ABOVE THEM BUZZED THE  
GRIM PATROL BOATS OF A  
RUTHLESS ENEMY! AND  
BELOW THE SURFACE OF  
THE SEA WAS THE  
THREAT OF THE  
TORPEDOES THEY THEM-  
SELVES HAD SET TO  
EXPLODE!  
**"THE ATTACK ON  
PEICHU ISLAND!"**



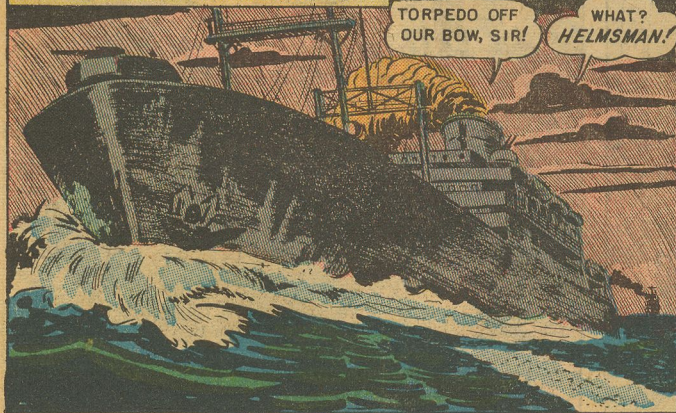
# FIGHTING UNDERSEA COMMANDOS

THIS IS THE STORY OF THE NAVY'S UNDERSEA FIGHTERS, AND OF A RECENT ENGAGEMENT OF THE KOREAN WAR, IN WHICH THEY TOOK PART. THERE WAS ONLY A HANDFUL OF MEN IN LIEUTENANT BLAINE'S UNDERWATER DEMOLITION TEAM, BUT THEY DID THE WORK OF AN ARMY, FOREVER DESTROYING THE RED ENEMY'S---

## HIDDEN MENACE!



OUR STORY BEGINS ABOARD A TANKER LOADED WITH HIGH OCTANE GASOLINE FOR OUR ARMIES IN KOREA. SUDDENLY...







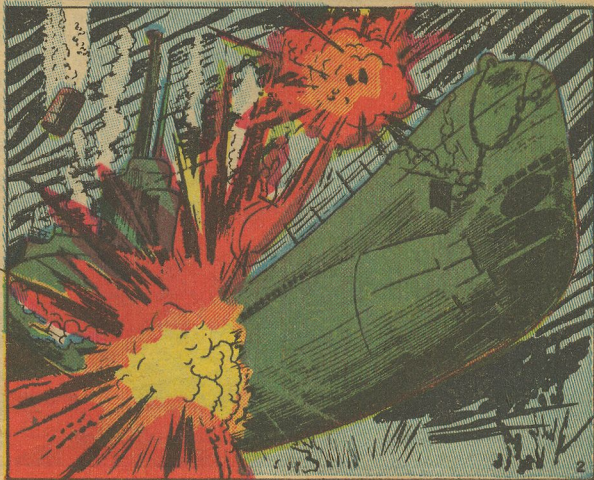
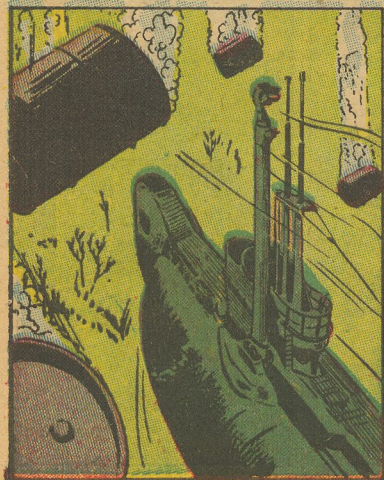
THE SUBMARINE ALARM ABOARD AN ESCORTING DESTROYER IS SOUNDED, AND...

PREPARE DEPTH CHARGES!

AYE, AYE, SIR!



LAUNCH DEPTH CHARGE!





THE BLAST TEARS THE ENEMY SUBMARINE APART. OIL SLICK AND DEBRIS RISE TO THE OCEAN SURFACE-- AND **SOMETHING ELSE!**

THERE'S A BODY, SIR!  
THROW A GRAPPLING HOOK INTO IT BEFORE IT SINKS! I WANT A CLOSER LOOK.



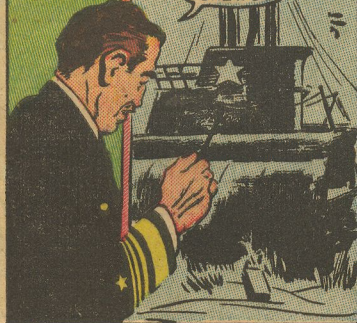
LOOKS LIKE AN OFFICER, SIR!

IT'S THE COMMANDER! AND HE'S CHINESE! HAUL THE BODY ABOARD. G-2 WILL BE INTERESTED TO KNOW THAT THE COMMIES ARE GOING IN FOR SUBMARINE WARFARE.



G-2 IS INFORMED AND MAKES AN ON-THE-SPOT INVESTIGATION, SENDING DIVERS DOWN TO PHOTOGRAPH THE BLASTED SUB. SOME-TIME LATER, AT NAVAL HEADQUARTERS...

AS YOU CAN SEE, GENTLEMEN, IT WAS A SNORKEL TYPE SUB, MANNED BY AN ALL-CHINESE CREW! THAT MEANS OUR FRIEND TO THE NORTH IS NOT ONLY SUPPLYING THE ENEMY WITH SHIPS, BUT ALSO WITH TRAINED CREWS!



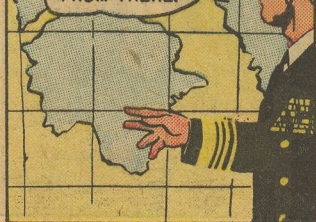
IT COULD BE ROUGH IF THE COMMIES WERE SUPPLIED WITH ENOUGH SUBS!

THEY ALREADY HAVE BEEN! THIS ATTACK WAS ONLY THE BEGINNING! THEY'RE PLANNING A FULL SCALE ATTACK ON OUR SHIPPING LANES!



BUT, THEIR BASE OF OPERATIONS

...IS HERE ON PEICHU! WE HAD A REPORT OF RED ACTIVITY SIX MONTHS AGO, BUT OUR RECON PATROLS TURNED UP NOTHING INTERESTING UNTIL IT OCCURRED TO US THAT THE RECENT SUB ATTACK MIGHT HAVE BEEN LAUNCHED FROM THERE.

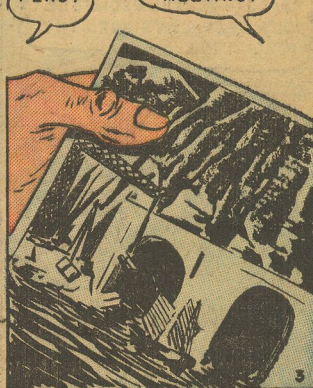


A RECON PATROL WENT IN A FEW NIGHTS AGO WITH ORDERS TO WORK IN CLOSE TO SHORE. THEY RETURNED WITH THESE PHOTOGRAPHS!



THEY'RE BUILDING SUBMARINE PENS!

EXACTLY! WHICH BRINGS US TO THE PURPOSE OF THIS MEETING!





THEY'VE GOT TO BE DESTROYED ---AND *NOW*---  
BEFORE FULL SCALE OPERATIONS CAN BEGIN!  
IT SHOULD BE A SURPRISE ATTACK!

THAT'S A JOB FOR  
THE U.D.T.



YES, THAT PHASE OF THE OPERATION  
IS UP TO YOUR FROGMEN. THEY'LL BE  
BACKED UP BY THE COMMANDOS AND  
SHIPS OF THE LINE. THE COMBINATION  
SHOULD END RED AMBITIONS TO DESTROY  
OUR SHIPPING!



MEANWHILE, ON A LONELY STRETCH OF JAPANESE  
COAST, THE UNDERWATER DEMOLITION TEAM  
ATTACHED TO THE AMERICAN FLEET IS ON BATTLE  
MANEUVERS...

SAILFISH TO  
SHARK!

SOMETHING'S COMING IN,  
LIEUTENANT. THIS IS  
SHARK, SAILFISH!



RETURN TO SAILFISH,  
SHARK! THERE'S AN  
HQ EMERGENCY ORDER  
FOR LT. BLANE!

WONDER WHAT'S UP?  
SOUND THE RECALL,  
ENSIGN!



LATER, ABOARD THE LST, LT. BLANE  
IS HANDED THE HQ ORDERS...

WRAP UP MANEUVERS--  
REPORT--BASE IMMEDIATELY.  
YOU'RE BEING ASSIGNED THE  
REAL THING.



ANYTHING  
EXCITING?

WE'RE GOING  
INTO ACTION!  
HEAD THIS TUB  
FOR HOME-- AND GET  
SOME SPEED UP!



ACTION ---  
THE MAN  
SAID!

WHA-HOOD!

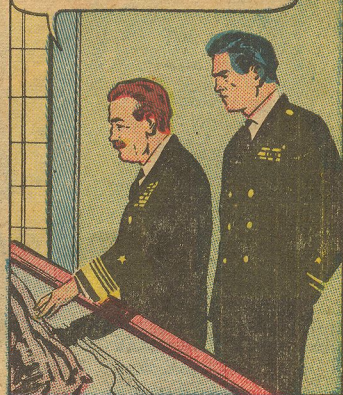
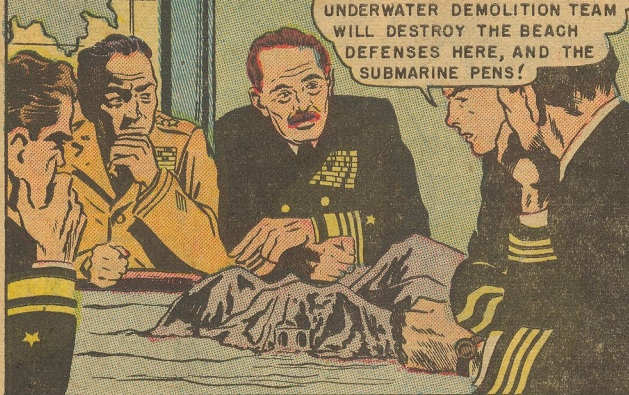




AT NAVAL HQ THE NEXT DAY...

THE PEICHU ACTION WILL BE A COMBINED NAVAL AND ARMY OPERATION. LT. BLANE'S UNDERWATER DEMOLITION TEAM WILL DESTROY THE BEACH DEFENSES HERE, AND THE SUBMARINE PENS!

NAVAL GUNS WILL GO INTO ACTION AT 0 400 AND SOFTEN UP THE ENEMY DEFENSES!



FINALLY, SPECIAL ASSULT TROOPS WILL BE THROWN ON TO THE BEACH. THEY'LL MOP UP AND SECURE THE ISLAND... UNDERSTOOD?

YES, SIR!



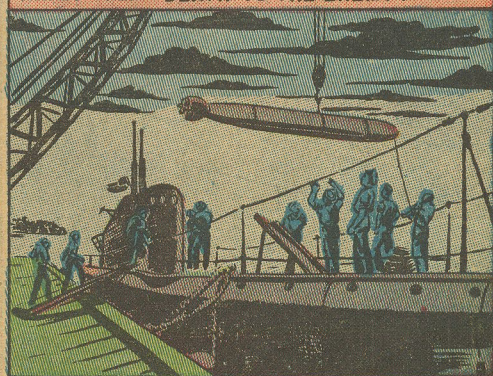
YOUR FROGMEN WILL GO INTO ACTION AT 2400-- FOUR HOURS BEFORE THE NAVAL GUNS OPEN UP. YOUR JOB *MUST* BE COMPLETED BY THEN! DO YOU UNDERSTAND?



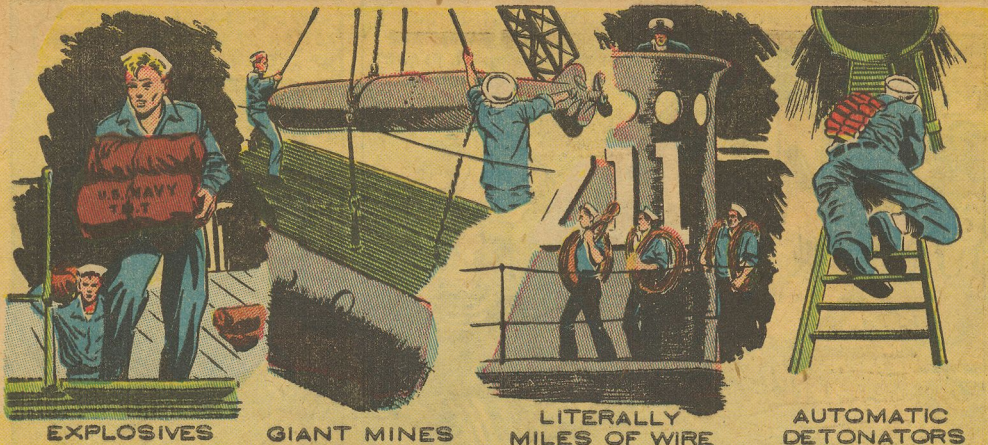
I UNDERSTAND. WHETHER YOU AND YOUR MEN HAVE CLEARED THE ISLAND OR *NOT*, THE SHIPS' BATTERIES WILL FIRE ON SCHEDULE! I'M SORRY IT HAS TO BE THIS WAY, BUT THE LIVES OF TOO MANY MEN ARE AT STAKE!



AT DAWN, LT. BLANE'S UNDERWATER DEMOLITION TEAM LOADS ABOARD THE SUBMARINE, *SQUALUS II*! LOADED WITH THEM-- IS THE EQUIPMENT WHICH MAKES THEM-- *DEATH TO THE ENEMY!*







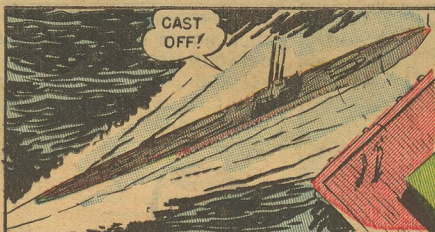
EXPLOSIVES

GIANT MINES

LITERALLY  
MILES OF WIRE

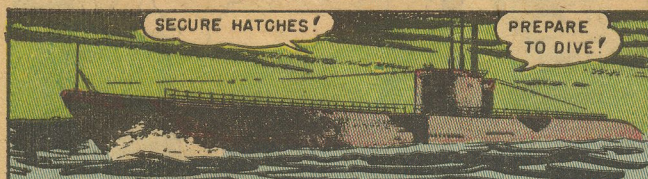
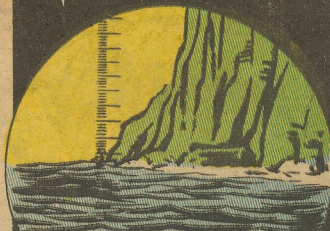
AUTOMATIC  
DETONATORS

THE EQUIPMENT IS CAREFULLY STOWED AWAY. THE SUCCESS OF THEIR MISSION--THEIR VERY LIVES--DEPEND ON ITS PERFECT CONDITION. THEN, COMES THE CRY...



CAST  
OFF!

2300, OFF PEICHU ISLAND!  
EVERYTHING SEEMS QUIET  
OUT THERE. OKAY--SURFACE!



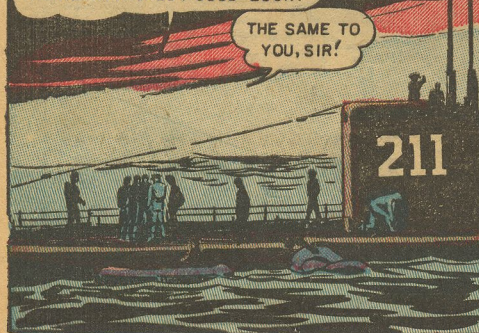
SECURE HATCHES!

PREPARE  
TO DIVE!

YES, THE NAVY'S "KILLERS OF THE DEEP" ARE ON THEIR WAY! THEIR OBJECTIVE, PEICHU! THEIR ASSIGNMENT? **DESTRUCTION!**

MY GROUP WILL BE WORKING ACROSS THE ISLAND FROM YOU. WHEN YOU'VE DESTROYED THE BEACH DEFENSES, KEEP YOUR RENDEZVOUS WITH THE SQUALUS. UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES ARE YOU TO CONTACT MY GROUP--EVEN IN THE EVENT WE'RE ATTACKED! GOOD-LUCK!

THE SAME TO  
YOU, SIR!



211

YOU CAN PREPARE TO UNLOAD, LIEUTENANT! WE'LL BE STANDING OFF THE ENEMY SUB PENS WITHIN TEN MINUTES!

RIGHT! GET SET,  
MEN!



211



TRUCKS

CANNONS

BOMBERS

TANKS

CRUISERS

BATTLESHIPS

PT BOATS

MARINES

WAVES

WACS

SAILORS

SOLDIERS

SOLDIERS

SAILORS

WACS

MORTARS

MARINES

PT BOATS

HOWITZERS

SOLDIERS

SAILORS

WACS

WAVES

MARINES

PT BOATS

BATTLESHIPS

CRUISERS

JETS

BOMBERS

50

# COMBAT ACTION TOYS

PLASTIC

POST PAID

1

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Now you can be Commander in Chief of this complete task force. Have pitched battles, gunnery drills, deploy your troops for attack and defense. Here's a complete army . . . 50 pieces in all including soldiers, sailors, marines, PT boat, Howitzers, tanks, planes, and ships. You'll be thrilled and delighted with this complete task force. Nothing else like it!

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RIFLEMEN

Here's a great collection of military toys yours for just a single dollar bill. You'll have hours of fun and pleasure with this wonderful set. Every piece made of plastic in realistic scale. Precision formed of Styrene...nothing like it has ever been offered at this price. Rush your order now. 6" long die cut cannon that shoots harmless bombs included in your order NOW!

## FREE 6" LONG DIE CUT SHOOTING CANNON!

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I enclose \_\_\_\_\_ at \$1 per set. Rush your 50-piece Fighting Force set prepaid.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

MACHINE GUNS

BAZOOKAS

RIFLEMEN

JETS



PART  
2

# PLAYGROUND of DEATH!

ENEMY  
SPOTLIGHTS!

THE COMPARATIVE SAFETY OF THE SUBMARINE HAS BEEN LEFT BEHIND. FACING THEM NOW IS A WILY, FANATICAL ENEMY--TOUGH, LETHAL AND OUTNUMBERING THEM FIFTY TO ONE! BEFORE THEM IS THE ISLAND OF PEICHU, THE---"PLAYGROUND OF DEATH!"

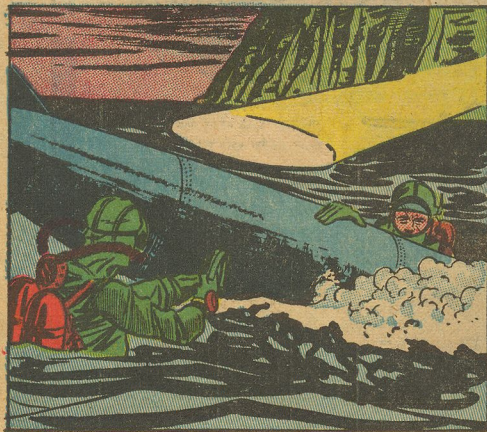
SUBMERGE!



AS THE REDS' SEARCHLIGHTS SWEEP SLOWLY TOWARD THEM, THE FROGMEN OPEN THE WATER BALLAST CHAMBERS OF THEIR HUGE MINES.

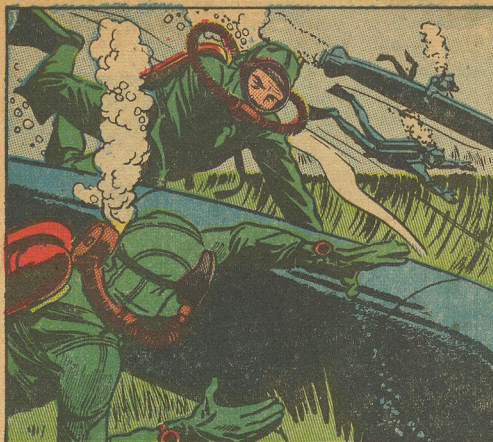
THE FROGMEN SUBMERGE, ALSO, HIDING FROM THE PROBING LIGHTS.

WHAT FOOL  
SOUNDED THE ALERT? NOTHING  
MOVES OUT THERE. NOTHING!





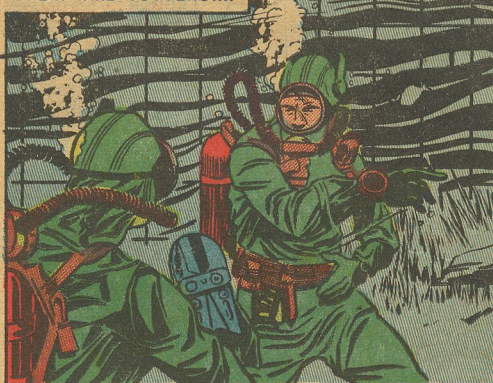
**LT. BLANE SIGNALS HIS MEN FORWARD!**



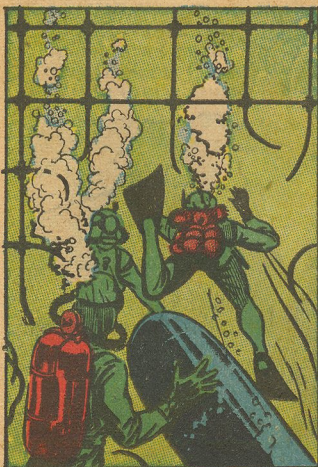
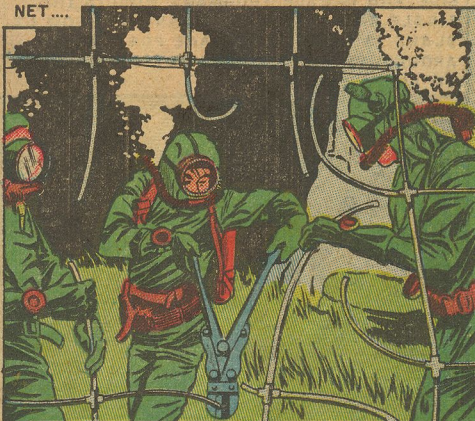
**THE FROGMEN SLIP THROUGH THE WATER LIKE SHARKS, SILENT, DEADLY SHADOWS, CLOSING IN FOR THE KILL!**



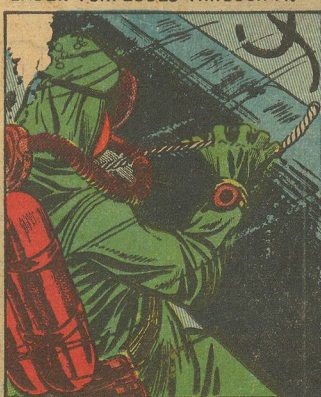
**THE ANTI-SUBMARINE NET, GUARDING THE CHANNEL, LOOMS AHEAD. "WATCH THE ALARM WIRES" SIGNALS THE LIEUTENANT. HIS ALERTED MEN MOVE IN WITH THEIR WIRE CUTTERS....**



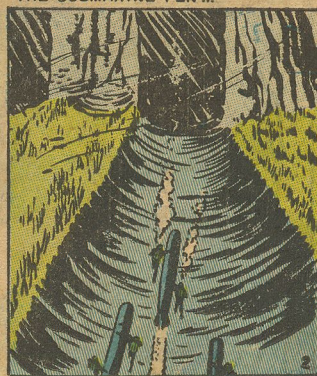
**THEY SNIP CAREFULLY AROUND THE ALARM SYSTEM, BENDING BACK THE SEVERED SECTION OF NET....**



**THEY EXPAND THE HOLE, THEN HELP GUIDE THE LONG, DEATH-LADEN TORPEDOES THROUGH IT.**



**THE FIRST BARRIER HAS BEEN SUCCESSFULLY BRIDGED! LT. BLANE LEADS THE WAY TOWARD THE SUBMARINE PEN...**

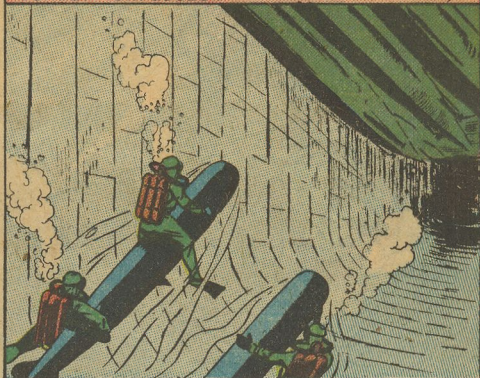




NOW, THE SUBMARINE PENS COME INTO VIEW. "GAREFUL", SIGNALS THE LIEUTENANT. "THIS IS THE DANGER SPOT."



THEY ENTER THE PENS, GLANCE TOWARD THE SURFACE, AND SEE SOMETHING THAT MAKES THEM GRIN AND PAT THE FAT SIDES OF THEIR DEADLY TORPEDOES!

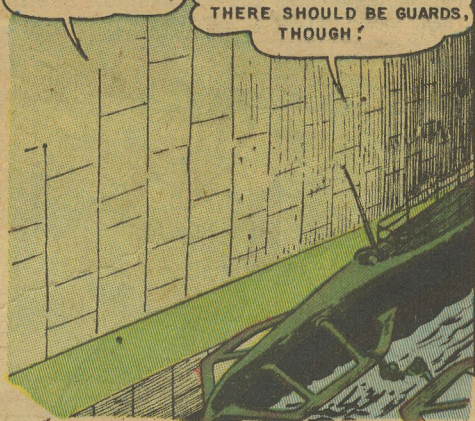


THREE ENEMY SUBMARINES FLOAT SIDE BY SIDE, AND IN EACH FROGMAN'S MIND IS THE SINGLE THOUGHT, "WHAT A TARGET!" NOW LT. BLANE IS GOING TO SURFACE FOR A LOOK AROUND. HE MOTIONS FOR ONE OF HIS MEN TO FOLLOW HIM UP.



D'YOU THINK ANY-ONE'S ON BOARD?

THE CREWS ARE PROBABLY QUARTERED ASHORE. THERE SHOULD BE GUARDS, THOUGH!



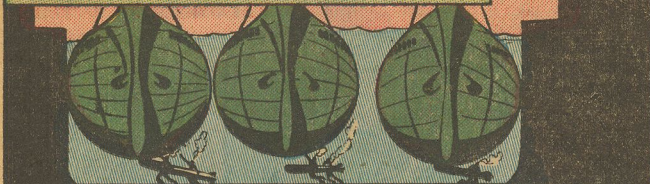
THERE ARE AT LEAST TWO OF THEM BACK THERE UNDER THE LIGHTS.

WE'LL HAVE A LOOK THERE LATER. FIRST, WE'LL JOCKEY OUR MINES INTO POSITION.

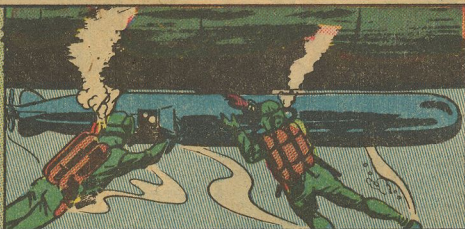




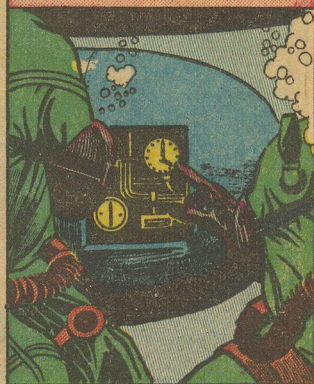
THE FROGMEN SPLIT INTO THREE TEAMS, AND TENDERLY MANEUVER THE DEADLY MINES BENEATH THE BERTHED SUBMARINES...



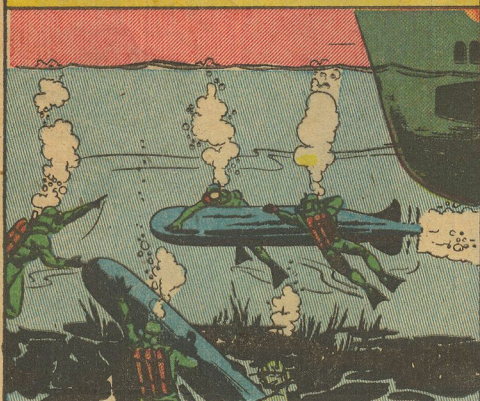
NOW, LT. BLANE CONSULTS HIS WATCH. 0200, WITH TWO HOURS TO GO! THE TIMER ON THE MINE-DETONATING DEVICES ARE SET FOR 0400--ON THE NOSE...



MAGNETIZED PLATES ON THE HUGE MINES TOUCH THE STEEL BOTTOMS OF THEIR TARGETS AND LOCK SECURELY IN PLACE...



THE REMAINING TWO MINES ARE MANEUVERED AGAINST THE SIDES OF THE TUNNEL. WHEN THEY BLOW, THEY'LL BRING DOWN THE WALLS!

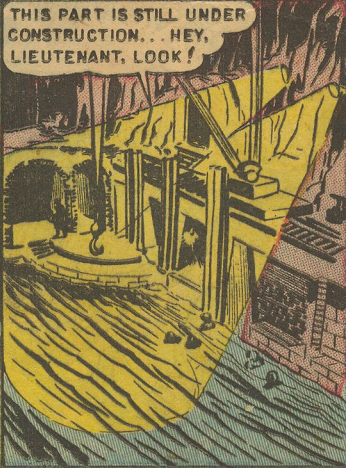


LIEUTENANT BLANE MOTIONS THAT HE WANTS A LOOK AROUND BEFORE THEY PULL OUT. HIS MEN FOLLOW CLOSELY, AS HE LEADS THEM FURTHER INTO THE TUNNEL...



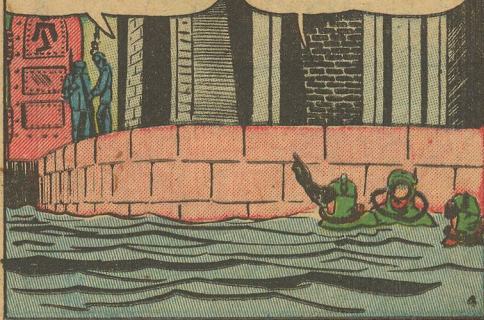
ONCE CLEAR OF THE SUBMARINES, AND DANGEROUSLY CLOSE TO THE LIGHTED AREA PATROLLED BY THE RED SENTRIES, LT. BLANE AND HIS MEN SILENTLY SURFACE...

THIS PART IS STILL UNDER CONSTRUCTION... HEY, LIEUTENANT, LOOK!

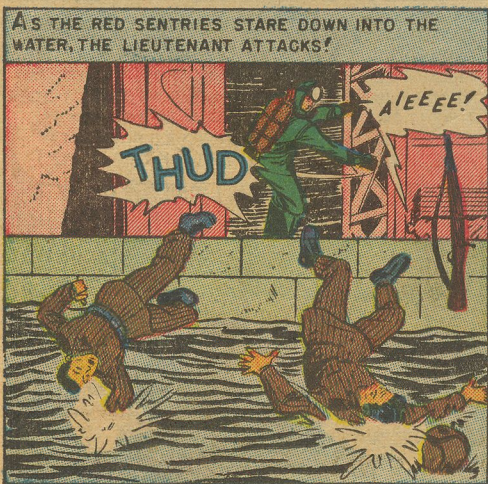
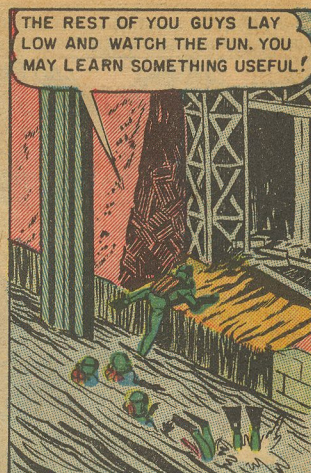


I'LL BET THAT RED PAINTED DOOR OVER THERE, HAS THE SAME MEANING IN CHINESE THAT IT DOES IN ENGLISH: DANGER--HIGH EXPLOSIVES!

I NOTICED THAT. IF IT IS A POWDER MAGAZINE, IT WOULD BE SMART TO MAKE SURE THAT IT GOES OFF WITH THE REST! IT WOULD SURE HELP DEROOF THIS PLACE!

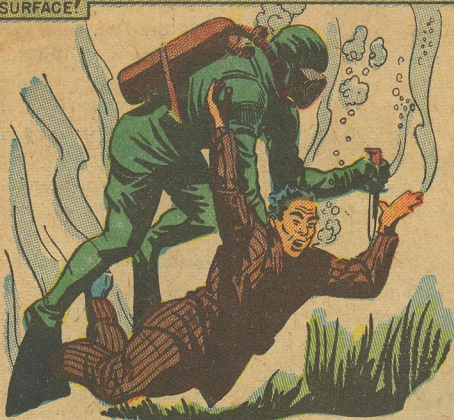




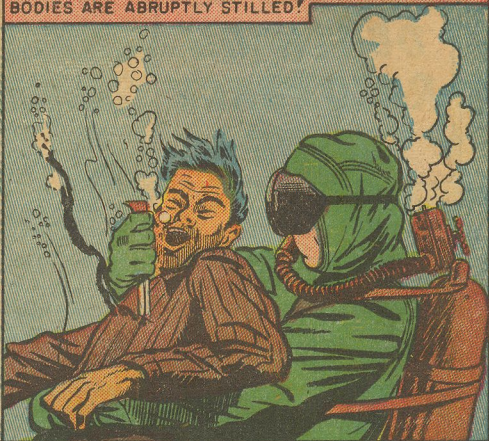




BEFORE THE TERRIFIED GUARDS CAN CRY OUT, RED AND DELANEY DRAG THEM BENEATH THE SURFACE!



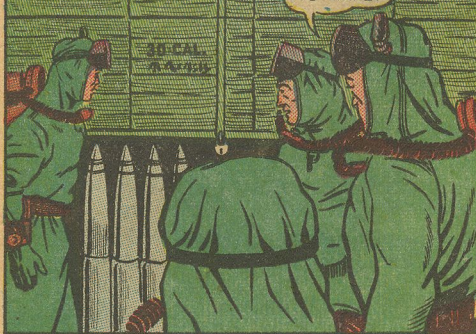
THEIR KNIVES FLASH ONCE, AND THE CONVULSING BODIES ARE ABRUPTLY STILLED!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE FROGMEN ARE INSIDE THE POWDER MAGAZINE...

WOW! THE STUFF IS PILED TO THE ROOF!

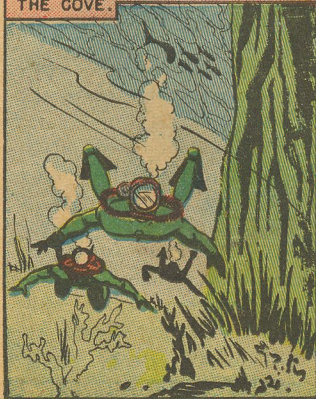
MAN, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL BANG THIS IS GOING TO MAKE!



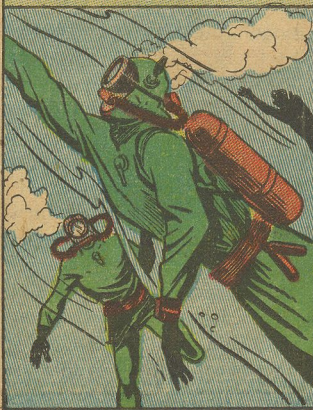
OKAY, BREAK OPEN A CASE, AND WIRE A BLASTING CAP TO ONE OF THOSE STICKS OF DYNAMITE! WE'LL RIG THE CAP TO A DETONATOR AND SET IT FOR 0400!



WITH THE JOB COMPLETED, LT. BLANE LEADS HIS FROGMEN OUT OF THE SUBMARINE PENS TOWARD THE COVE.



ONCE CLEAR OF THE SUBMARINE PEN, THE LIEUTENANT MOTIONS HIS MEN TO THE SURFACE!



ONLY TO BE MET BY ...

A RED PATROL!

HIT THE BOTTOM!





## DEATH ON RAZORBACK RIDGE!

Hank Mandell shivered at the chill of the Korean dawn bit through the thin army fatigues. This was his second day in Korea, and he didn't think he was going to like it. It smelled wrong. He was a Kentucky mountaineer through and through, and the smell of the mountains, that clear, fresh, cold smell, was what he needed in his lungs. The town the outfit occupied was a seaport, and smelled of salt and fish. Hank kicked dolefully at a pebble, thinking of how the mountains would be, back home in a few weeks, when the spring thaw brought life and color into the hills.

"UH.. TEH..N..SHUHH..!"

From far down the line of waiting replacements the command floated to where Hank slouched beside his pack and rifle. The men before him and behind him grumbled noisily as they snapped away half-smoked cigarettes and crept back under their packs, easing the heavy weight gingerly onto their sore backs. The soldier in front of Hank was a short, skinny red-head whose too-large helmet settled down around his ears. He blinked owlishly up at Mandell.

"Where yuh think they're takin' us?"

"I don't know, Red," Hank grinned. "But wherever we're goin', we better get a move on!" The long line of men had started to move forward at the moment Red had turned to talk to him, and now they had to

run to catch up. The little guy slipped and would have fallen had not Hank shot out a huge hand to steady him. The soldiers were being loaded into trucks. "I wonder where they're takin' us," Red said again.

"You think maybe the mountains?" Hank asked hopefully.

The trucks jounced and jolted all day over the hot, rocky Korean roads, shaking the G.I.'s and making it impossible to sleep. Hank noticed with a kind of delighted excitement that the road over which they traveled led constantly to higher ground, and before long the smell of the sea was replaced with the drier, sweeter mountain tang.

It was shortly after noon that they heard it, a dull, booming rumble that echoed over the foothills and seemed to hit the soldiers right in the pits of their stomachs.

"Thunder?" Red asked.

"Cannon," Hank said.

At four o'clock that afternoon they disembarked from the trucks at a replacement depot right behind the lines. Hank's eyes drank in the sight of the mountains which loomed on every side of the little camp.

"Look," he said to Red.

"Look over there. See that ridge? Spittin' image of Razorback Ridge, back home in Kaintuck! Man, that makes me homesick! Best wild hog huntin' on Razorback Ridge you ever did see . . ."

Little Red pushed his helmet up from his eyes with a skinny hand and shivered as he peered through his thick eyeglasses at Razorback Ridge. It looked sheer and unclimbable, and he thought it ominous and dangerous-

looking.

They were rushed up to plug a gap in the line early the next morning. Great shell-holes pockmarked the sides of the hills. When they passed their first wrecked tank there was a stir among the men. However they soon passed more tanks, and cannon and trucks, and soon a strange silence had fallen over the men, for every now and then the trucks would wheel by a crumpled, broken body, and the men began to realize that it was to war that they were being rushed. The thought of death chilled them, and they were occupied with thoughts of the people they had left behind them at home.

Hank and Red had worked together to dig their foxhole. The lieutenant came by, checking to see that they were dug in.

"We have information that says the gooks will attack this sector in about a half hour," he said. "So keep low, because they'll probably try to soften us up with a heavy artillery barrage!" He hurried away through the gloom.

The artillery opened up right on schedule, dropping explosive shells all around them. Hank and Red lay face down in the cool earth. Finally the barrage lessened, and then stopped. Hank peered over the edge of their foxhole . . .

"Why, d'yuh know where we're at?" he exclaimed. "We're on Razorback Ridge!" And so it was. But there was no more time to talk of landmarks, for in the early light they could see the thin line of Chinese soldiers moving toward them up the ridge. The gooks started to fire while still a distance away, and their bullets buzzed through



the air like so many bees.

Hank sighted over his M-1 rifle, his hands shaking a little. He was nervous. He had never killed a man before, and preparing to do so was different from getting ready to hunt squirrels.

Just then Red gave a muffled sigh. Hank looked at his buddy.

"What's the matter?" he asked. But Red did not answer. Hank shook him by the arm, and Red slid back into the foxhole, dead, the blood pouring from the round little hole in his forehead.

A mist seemed to appear before Hank's eyes. Cold, icy rage took hold of him, and before he knew what he was doing he was out of his foxhole, running with great leaps toward the oncoming enemy. Just before he reached them he tripped on the rough ground and fell, a fact that probably saved his life, because a stream of lead from a deadly "burp" gun

whizzed over his head. He looked up to see that the gun was jammed. The Chinese gunner was banging away at the mechanism, trying to fire it again.

Bellowing, Hank leaped at him and jammed his bayonet deep between his ribs. It stuck when he tried to pull it out, so he fired it loose and started for the next gook. But suddenly he realized that he was no longer alone. Spurred on by his courage, the entire U.N. line had leaped from their foxholes and was charging into the enemy, firing as they ran, and slashing out with deadly bayonets once they had established contact!

Shouting and screaming as they ran, the American infantrymen turned the tide of the attack, running forward into enemy territory and killing the Chinese forces as they overtook them. Hank charged into another enemy replacement a short distance away and killed

two North Koreans there, silently wreaking vengeance because he had lost a good friend.

It was only an hour later that the battle was over. The U.N. had gained four miles of North Korean territory, and the enemy attack had been turned into a fiasco. Hank dug himself a new foxhole on the advance line, and settled down to rest. All around him corpses were removing wounded and the rest of the boys were digging in.

The lieutenant came running up to him.

"So here you are!" he exclaimed. "I saw it all. Man, you were terrific! I'm recommending you for a citation. What's your name and serial number?"

Hank looked at him blankly and then grinned. He sniffed the crisp mountain air.

"Shucks, lieutenant," he drawled, "all I did was go huntin' on Razorback Ridge!"

# Strike back

Cancer  
strikes one  
in five

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**Your Dollars** will train skilled; understanding hands and minds to serve in the hospital, in the doctor's office, perhaps even in your home.

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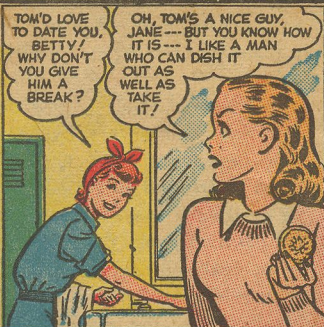


# HOW 'MINI-GYM' TURNS PLANT "DRIP" INTO SUCCESS DYNAMO



SURE, TOM, YOU'VE GOT THE BRAINS AND MORE FOR THAT SUPERVISOR'S JOB... BUT YOU'D NEVER BE ABLE TO KEEP THOSE TOUGH NOMBRES IN THE SHOP IN LINE!

WELL, MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, BOSS!



TOM'D LOVE TO DATE YOU, BETTY! WHY DON'T YOU GIVE HIM A BREAK?

OH, TOM'S A NICE GUY, JANE... BUT YOU KNOW HOW IT IS... I LIKE A MAN WHO CAN DISH IT!



IT'S NO USE, SAM... I'M MOVING ON! I'M WORSE THAN A WASH-OUT IN THIS PLANT! I CAN'T GET PROMOTIONS LIKE YOU!

TAKE IT EASY, TOM! ALL YOU NEED IS A DAILY, 10-MINUTE WORK-OUT WITH 'MINI-GYM' AND YOU'LL SOON BE GIVING ME A RUN FOR MY MONEY! HERE, LOOK AT THIS AD.



GOSH, SAM, I'M A NEW MAN! AM I GLAD YOU MADE ME CLIP THAT 'MINI-GYM' COUPON! WATCH ME DO JOE BONOMO'S TRICKY EXERCISE 10 AGAIN! IT'S A KILLER-DILLER!

GO TO IT, KID! I ALWAYS KNEW YOU HAD THE STUFF, BUT IT TAKES 'MINI-GYM' TO GIVE A MAN TOP TRAINING!



NEXT TIME, FELLER, YOU'D BETTER THINK FIRST BEFORE YOU START SHOOTING OFF YOUR MOUTH AT ME!

OH, TOM, YOU'RE WONDERFUL!

HONEST, TOM, I DIDN'T MEAN NOTHING!

TWO MONTHS LATER...



THAT SUPERVISOR'S JOB IS YOURS, TOM, AND I DON'T HAVE TO WISH YOU LUCK! YOU'VE MADE YOURSELF INTO A REAL 'COMER' WHO MAKES HIS OWN LUCK!

THANKS, BOSS! I'LL MAKE GOOD... AND HOW!

CC BECK

AMBITIOUS MEN  
OF ALL AGES!  
TO GET WHAT YOU WANT  
OUT OF LIFE GET FIT WITH  
JOE BONOMO'S  
MAGIC DE-LUXE  
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**FREE** Joe Bonomo's  
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Every thrill-packed page written for you by Joe Bonomo, this big, 64-page book printed in 2 colors, gives you a complete 'MINI-GYM' health course. Far more than an instruction manual, it's an all-round, all-over Body Conditioner Course! Complete with 90 especially posed photos, charts, and fun-to-follow text. Size: 5 1/2" x 8 1/2". YOURS FREE with your 'MINI-GYM'!

**You Can't Be Too Old For 'MINI-GYM'!**

Thirteen or 30, 48 or 80, once you see 'MINI-GYM', you can't wait to try it! Why? Because 'MINI-GYM' adapts instantly to the exercise needs... and thrills... of any age and all physical conditions from the weakest to the strongest!

**POSITIVE MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!**

Yes, it means just that: Order your 'MINI-GYM' Today. Then test it in every way possible... exercise with it and enjoy it for 10 exciting days. If you are not satisfied in every way... in fact, delighted... just return 'MINI-GYM', and your money will be instantly refunded! Fair enough, isn't it?

**'MINI-GYM' CORP.**

1841 Broadway, New York 23, N. Y.

Packs All The Punch Of A Big, Expensive Gym, Including...

• Rowing Machine • Wall Exerciser • Tension Pulls • Bicycle

Why let the other fellow walk away with the job... and girl that should be yours? Life's prizes go to the smart man who keeps himself in "prime" physical condition. It's easy with the sensational new 'MINI-GYM'. For with this new wonder exerciser, you can...

**Enjoy Real Fun Out Of Keeping Fit**

Man alive, you haven't really lived 'til you get your eager hands (Yes, and feet, too) into Joe Bonomo's fun-packed exerciser, the unique, new 'MINI-GYM'. Even though you hated exercise before, with superb 'MINI-GYM' and Joe Bonomo's big, new personal instruction book... you'll eat it up! Find yourself having real fun... and loving it!

**See How Fast 'MINI-GYM' Helps Get You Into A-1 Shape!**

You bet, almost before you know it, a daily 10 minutes with 'MINI-GYM' builds you into the kind of real "he man" material bosses want most... and girls go for fastest! Can't help but be, for this new "miracle" 'MINI-GYM' is an all-round, all-over body conditioner... meaning it does a 100% job of building YOU! Toning, strengthening and pepping up every muscle in your whole body!

**'MINI-GYM'S'**  
Perfect By  
The Famous  
JOE BONOMO!

World famous, professional strong man himself, Joe Bonomo knows what it takes to build the physically perfect man! (Yes, and woman, too!) And he's put all his first-hand knowledge into the design of this terrific, new exerciser! So in 'MINI-GYM' you've got everything it takes for genuine, professional body-building!

**Great For Women, Too! Builds Pop, Personality!**

Though 'MINI-GYM' is plenty tough for the professional athlete, it's easy enough to be handled... and enjoyed... by any teen-age girl or adult woman. How come? Because Joe Bonomo designed 'MINI-GYM' for girls and women, too! Especially those who want to develop real pep, alluring curves and a super gorgeous figure! No wonder gals everywhere go for 'MINI-GYM' in a big, BIG way!



**Order Your 'MINI-GYM' by MODEL S, M or L.**

**MODEL S**  
☐ If you are under 5 ft. tall

**MODEL M**  
☐ If you are 5 ft. to 5 ft. 10 in. tall

**MODEL L**  
☐ If you are over 5 ft. 10 in. tall

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I enclose \$3.95. You pay postage. Same money-back guarantee. (Canadian and Foreign Orders, \$4.95. Cash with orders.)

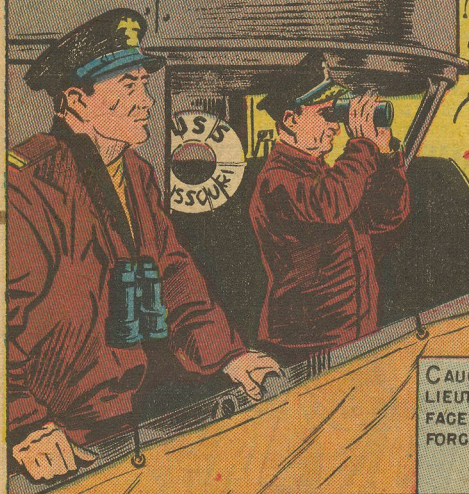
**MAIL  
"NO RISK"  
COUPON  
NOW!**



# ATTACK on PEICHU ISLAND!

SIR, LIEUTENANT BLANE'S FROGMEN ARE STILL ON THE ISLAND! THEY'LL BE KILLED BY OUR OWN GUNS!

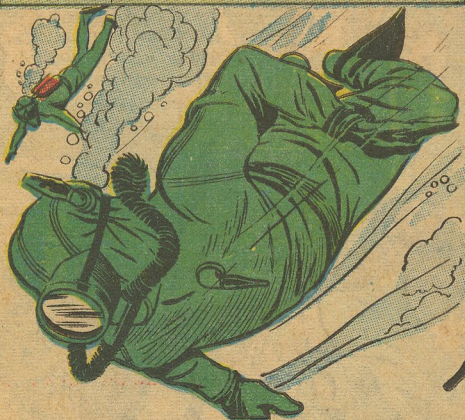
LIEUTENANT, MY ORDERS WERE TO OPEN FIRE AT EXACTLY 0401--  
*REGARDLESS OF CIRCUMSTANCES!*  
I REGRET THE NECESSITY OF ENDANGERING THE LIVES OF LIEUTENANT BLANE AND HIS MEN-- BUT I HAVE *NO ALTERNATIVE!*



CAUGHT BETWEEN THE ENEMY'S GUNS AND THEIR OWN, LIEUTENANT BLANE AND HIS UNDERWATER DEMOLITION TEAM FACE MORTAL DANGER! CAN THEY SURVIVE, AS THEIR OWN FORCES LAUNCH--

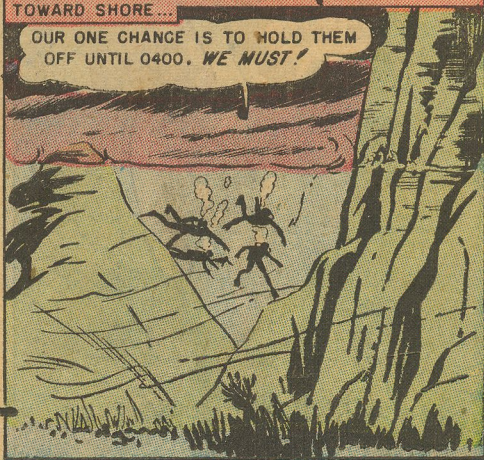
*"THE ATTACK ON PIECHU ISLAND"*

THEIR DISCOVERY COMES AS A BLOW TO LT. BLANE. IT WILL BE ONE HOUR BEFORE THE CHARGES EXPLODE. THAT'S LONG ENOUGH FOR THE ENEMY TO FIND AND DE-ACTIVATE THEM!



THAT MUST BE PREVENTED, EVEN IF IT COSTS THE LIFE OF EVERY MAN! BLANE MOTIONS HIS MEN TOWARD SHORE...

OUR ONE CHANCE IS TO HOLD THEM OFF UNTIL 0400. *WE MUST!*

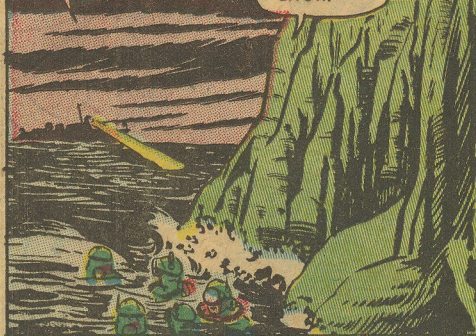




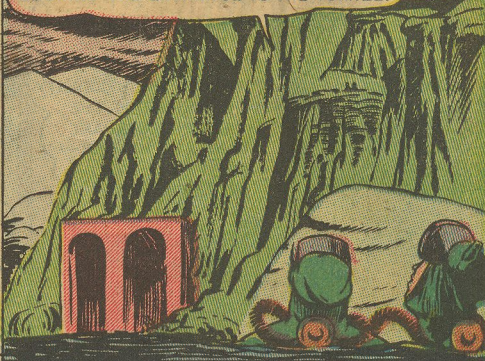
AS THEY NEAR THE SHEER CLIFFS OF THE ISLAND, THE LIEUTENANT LEADS THEM TO THE SURFACE, AND...

THE BOAT DIDN'T FOLLOW US IN!

NO, THEY MUST THINK WE TRIED FOR THE OPEN SEA. BUT, THEY'LL BE BACK!



WE'LL HAVE TO KEEP THE REDS BUSY UNTIL OUR CHARGES GO OFF AT 0400! WE'LL CAPTURE THAT MACHINE GUN NEST UP ON THE CLIFF AND SET THE GUNS ON THE LEDGE DOWN HERE, OVERLOOKING THE ENTRANCE TO THE TUNNEL.



LEWIS, YOU STAY HERE ON LOOKOUT! THE REST OF YOU GUYS COME WITH ME!



LT. BLANE LEADS HIS MEN UP THE SHEER FACE OF THE CLIFF. ONCE, AS THE PROBING SPOTLIGHT ON THE PATROL BOAT SWEEPS THE SHORE...



DO YOU THINK THEY SUSPECT THAT WE'RE HERE?



A FEW MINUTES LATER, THEY REACH A POINT OVERLOOKING THE RED MACHINE GUN NEST...



EACH OF YOU PICK A MAN! USE YOUR KNIVES, WE'VE GOT TO MAKE THIS FAST AND QUIET!





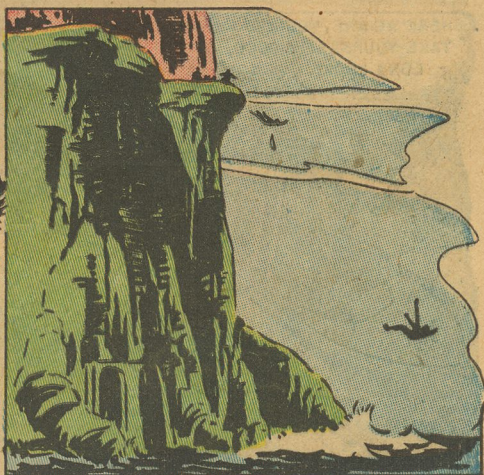
THE FROG-  
MEN ATTACK,  
DROPPING  
ON TO THE  
ENEMY  
MACHINE-  
GUN CREW  
LIKE SHAD-  
OWS FROM  
THE SKY!

YANKEEES!



WE'RE TAKING OVER, BUD--  
BUT EVERYTHING!

AGHHHH!



THAT WINDS IT UP,  
LIEUTENANT!

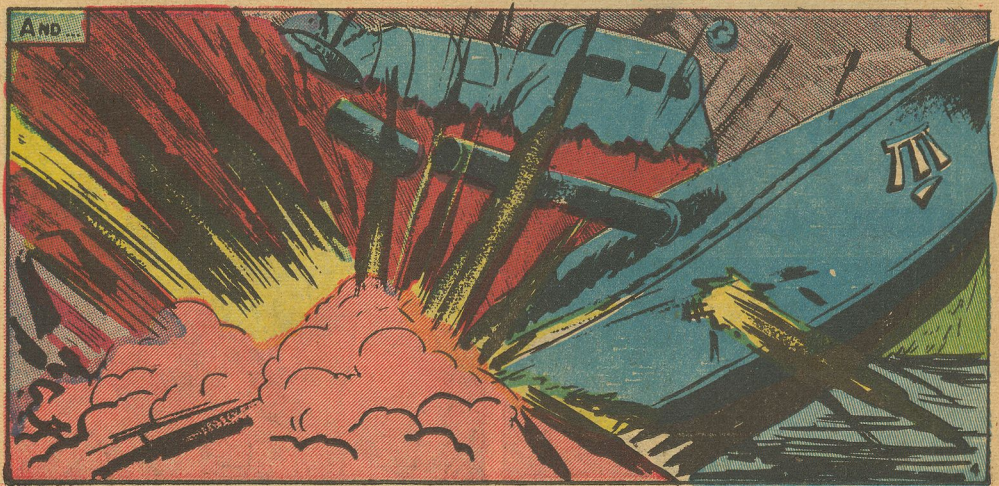
OKAY, LET'S PACK IT UP!  
WE'VE GOTTA HAUL THESE  
GUNS AND AMMO DOWN  
THE GLIFF.



YES,  
SIR!

AND LET'S MAKE IT FAST!  
WE'VE GOTTA BE OUT OF  
HERE BEFORE THE WHOLE  
RED ARMY ARRIVES!







THE FROGMEN SWIFTLY DESCEND THE CLIFF AND WORK FRANTICALLY TO SET THE MACHINE GUNS UP ON THE LEDGE. THEY KNOW THAT WITHIN MINUTES THE REDS WILL LAUNCH AN ATTACK!



TRY AND HURRY IT UP, SIR!  
WE'RE GETTING COMPANY!

THE WHOLE RED ARMY'S HEADED OUR WAY, LT.!



LET 'EM COME! THEY CAN APPROACH US ONLY FROM THIS ONE DIRECTION ON THE LAND SIDE! WE'LL HOLD THEM OFF AS LONG AS OUR AMMUNITION LASTS!

THE RED TROOPS SWARM ALONG THE PATH TOWARD THE HANDFUL OF MEN ON THE TINY LEDGE.



HOLD YOUR FIRE!  
LET 'EM COME--CLOSER--CLOSER--



NOW!

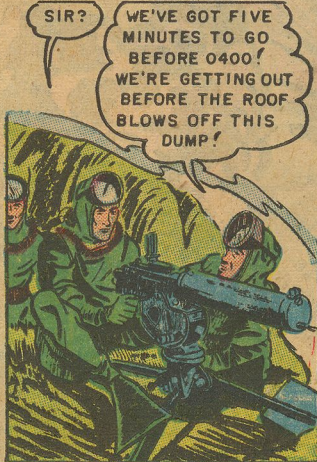
THEY BEAT THE REDS BACK ONCE, TWICE, THREE TIMES!



AMMO'S RUNNING LOW, SIR!

IT DOESN'T MATTER. WE'RE PULLING OUT!

SIR?

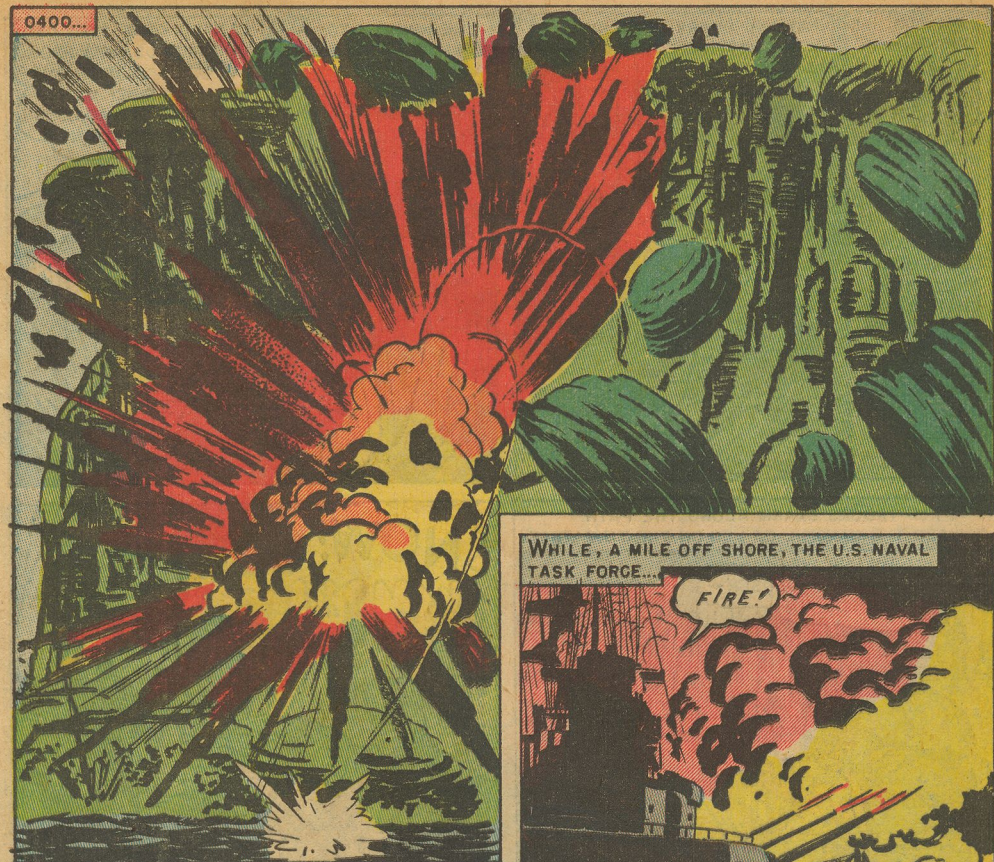


WE'VE GOT FIVE MINUTES TO GO BEFORE 0400! WE'RE GETTING OUT BEFORE THE ROOF BLOWS OFF THIS DUMP!

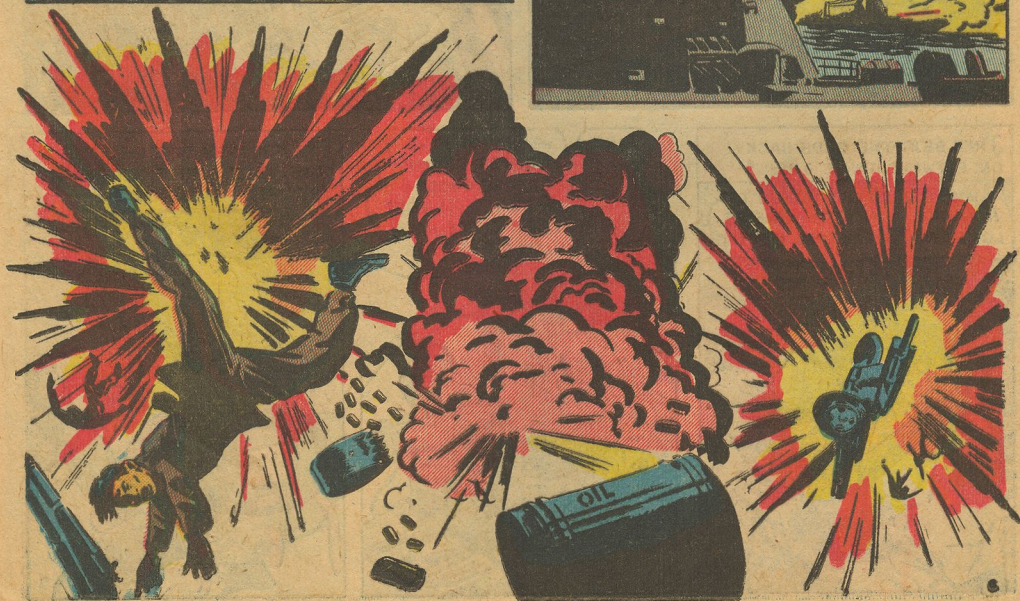
THE FROGMEN DIVE INTO THE COVE, THEN STRIKE OUT TOWARD THE OPEN SEA BEYOND!







WHILE, A MILE OFF SHORE, THE U.S. NAVAL  
TASK FORCE...





THE NAVAL BOMBARDMENT LASTS FOR TWO HOURS. THEN, AT 0600, THE ASSAULT FORCE MOVES IN...



THE ASSAULT TROOPS ATTACK, MEETING THE REDS IN HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT...

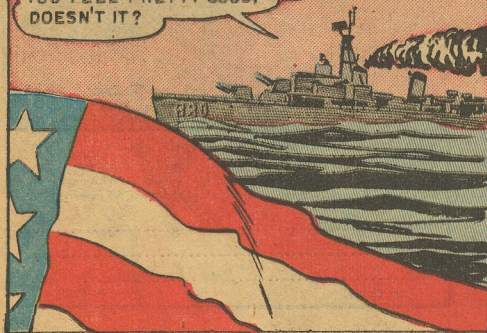


AND, AFTER A BLOODY STRUGGLE, THE U.S. FLAG IS RAISED ON PIECHU ISLAND...

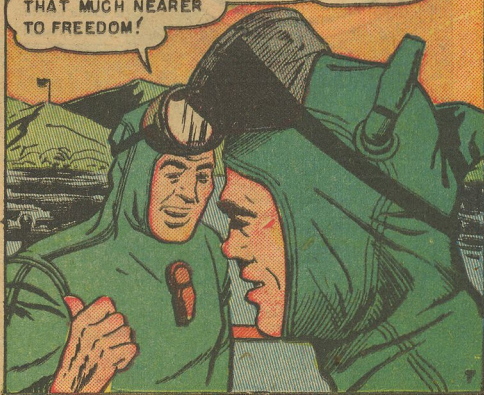


WHILE ON BOARD ONE OF THE U.S. DESTROYERS, LT. BLANE AND HIS FROGMEN WATCH THE FLAG AS IT FLUTTERS IN THE BREEZE...

THERE IT IS, BOYS--THE FLAG WE'RE FIGHTING FOR. IT MAKES YOU FEEL PRETTY GOOD, DOESN'T IT?



IT SURE DOES, LT.! IT MAKES YOU FEEL GOOD, TOO, TO KNOW THAT EVERY TIME IT FLIES OVER ANOTHER RED STRONGHOLD, THE WORLD IS THAT MUCH NEARER TO FREEDOM!





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**S**TAMP COLLECTING opens up new worlds of fun, profit, and adventure to you. Many successful people are stamp enthusiasts—presidents, kings, executives, movie stars, explorers, athletes, etc.

Now it's **EASY** for YOU to get started. Right WITH the 221 Free Stamps described above we will send you a Complete Stamp Collector's Outfit. If you decide to keep it, the price is **ONLY ONE DOLLAR**. But if you **DON'T** think it's the biggest bargain you ever saw, simply send it back—and we'll refund your dollar AND YOUR POSTAGE, TOO! Could any offer be fairer?

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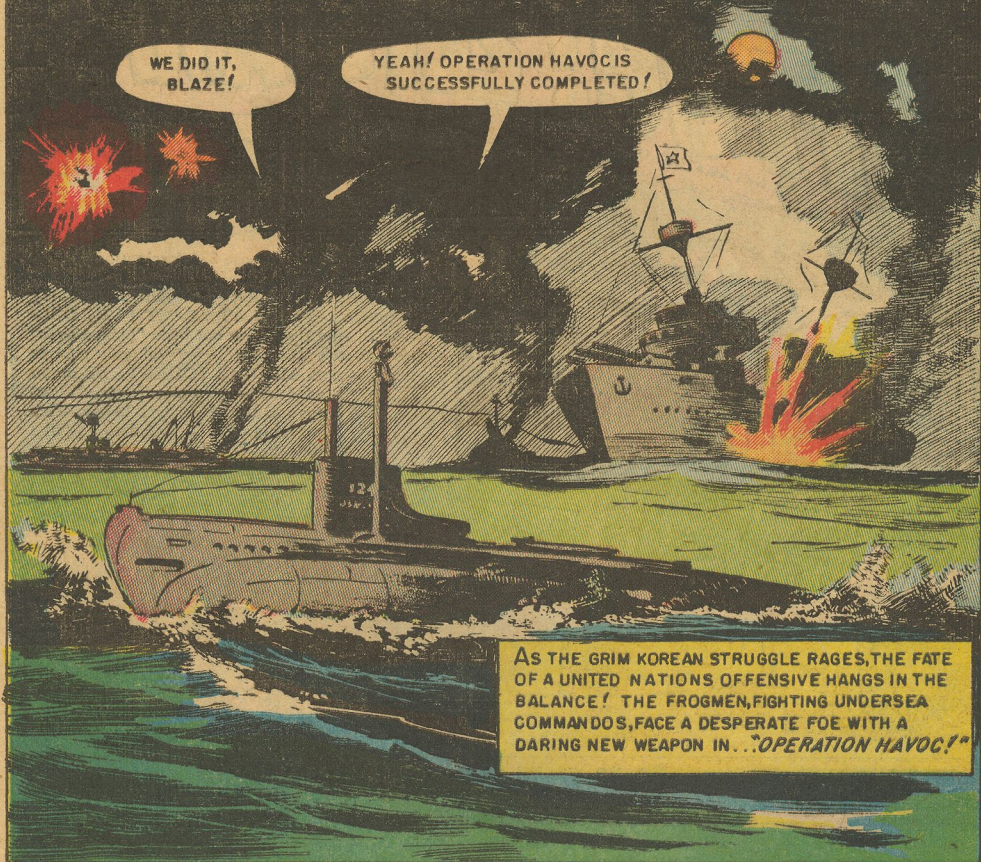
Name . . . . .  
Address . . . . .  
City . . . . . State . . . . .



# OPERATION HAVOC

WE DID IT,  
BLAZE!

YEAH! OPERATION HAVOC IS  
SUCCESSFULLY COMPLETED!



AS THE GRIM KOREAN STRUGGLE RAGES, THE FATE OF A UNITED NATIONS OFFENSIVE HANGS IN THE BALANCE! THE FROGMEN, FIGHTING UNDERSEA COMMANDOS, FACE A DESPERATE FOE WITH A DARING NEW WEAPON IN... "OPERATION HAVOC!"

SOMEWHERE OFF KOREA, ENEMY E-BOATS TAKE THEIR TOLL...



NO ONE MUST  
SURVIVE!

VERY GOOD,  
SIR!





LATER, IN THE UNITED NATIONS' NAVAL COMMAND HEADQUARTERS...

IT'S THE E-BOATS AGAIN, SIR... WE CAN'T TAKE A CHANCE ON AERIAL BOMBARDMENT...

NO! THERE'D BE POLITICAL REPERCUSSIONS IF WE ACCIDENTALLY BOMBED MANCHURIA!



WE HAVE TO FIND THOSE BASES AND DESTROY THEM!

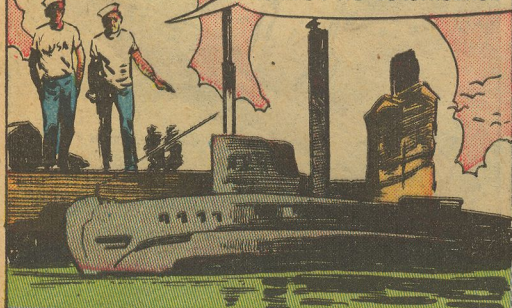
OUR RECON PLANES ARE SCOUTING THE AREA!



TWO WEEKS AFTER, AT AN UNDERWATER DEMOLITION TEAM BASE...

WHAT D'YOU CALL THAT THING, BLAZE?

THAT'S A TWO MAN SUB, ARMED WITH ELECTRONIC CANNON! I SHOULD KNOW! I HAPPENED TO WORK ON ITS CONSTRUCTION



OL' BLAZE ADAMS AN INVENTOR? HAW! HAW!

OKAY, LAUGH! WHY DO YOU THINK HALF THE UNIT HAS BEEN ASSIGNED HERE? WE'RE GOING TO TAKE THIS BABY OUT ON HER DEBUT!

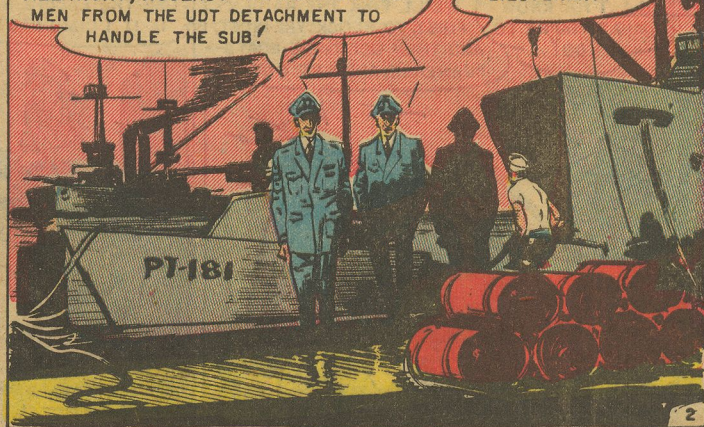


SOMETHING MUST BE UP! HERE COMES ALL THE BRASS IN THE NAVY!



IT'LL BE RISKY... BUT IF IT WORKS... ALL RIGHT, ROGERS! WE'LL PICK TWO MEN FROM THE UDT DETACHMENT TO HANDLE THE SUB!

FORM UP THE MEN, LIEUTENANT!





LATER... I WANT TWO VOLUNTEERS FOR A DANGEROUS MISSION!

HERE, SIR!

ME, TOO!

GOOD! COME WITH ME!

WE HAVE LOCATED A NEST OF ENEMY E-BOATS NEAR THE MANCHURIAN BORDER! ALSO, THERE IS A HEAVILY ARMED MERCHANT RAIDER! THESE SHIPS MUST BE DESTROYED!

YOU TWO MEN WILL ENTER THE INLET ABOARD THE ELECTRONIC, SUBMARINE! YOU WILL RECEIVE TRAINING IN THIS NEW WEAPON! GOOD LUCK!

WE'LL MAKE IT GOOD!

THE MEN AND THE WEAPON ARE PUT THROUGH STRENUOUS TESTS IN THE NEXT WEEKS...

AT LAST EVERYTHING IS READY FOR... "OPERATION HAVOC"!

YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TO DO!

WE'LL SINK THE RAIDER FIRST, TO BLOCK THE INLET, AND THEN GET THE E-BOATS-- SUBMERGE, AND GET OUT!

SOON...

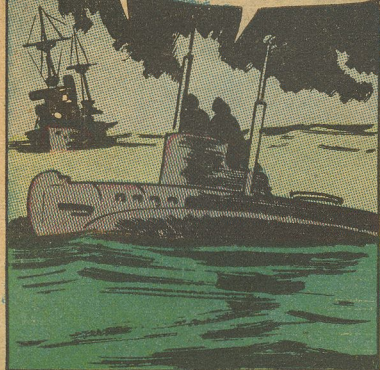
USE THE ESCAPE HATCH IF IT LOOKS BAD!

WE'LL BE BACK, SIR! SEE YOU LATER!



THEY'LL PICK US UP AT 0600! WE'LL HAVE A PLANE COVER AT THAT TIME!

THIS IS IT, KID!  
LET'S GO DOWNSTAIRS!



RAPIDLY, THE MIDGET SUB  
SLIPS THROUGH THE WATER...

CHARLEY! THEY'VE  
STRUNG UP A  
SUB NET!

WE GOTTA  
DO SOMETHIN'  
ABOUT IT,  
BLAZE!



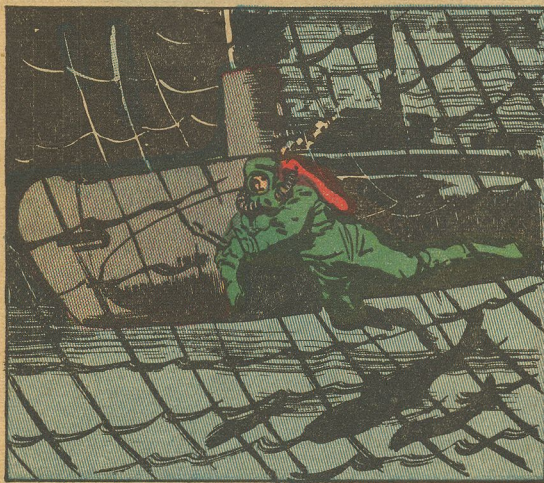
WHAT ARE  
YOU DOIN'  
WITH THAT  
HELMET?

I'LL LET MYSELF OUT  
THROUGH THE ESCAPE  
HATCH AN' CUT THE  
NET! YOU CAN TAKE  
IT THROUGH!



BUT HOW'LL YOU  
GET BACK?

I'LL RIDE OUTSIDE THE SUB  
UNTIL YOU CAN SURFACE!  
SO LONG, PAL!



WE CAN'T WASTE A MINUTE IF  
WE WANT TO MAKE THE  
RENDEZVOUS!





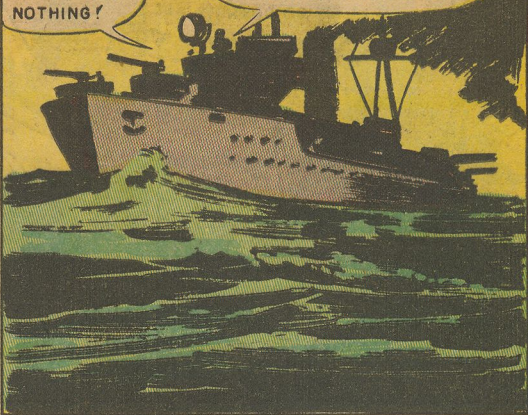


WE'RE ON  
OUR WAY!

MEANWHILE, A KOREAN PATROL CRAFT IS MAKING A  
ROUTINE CHECK...

AS USUAL,  
NOTHING!

YES, THE YANKEES DO NOT  
KNOW OF THIS PLACE!



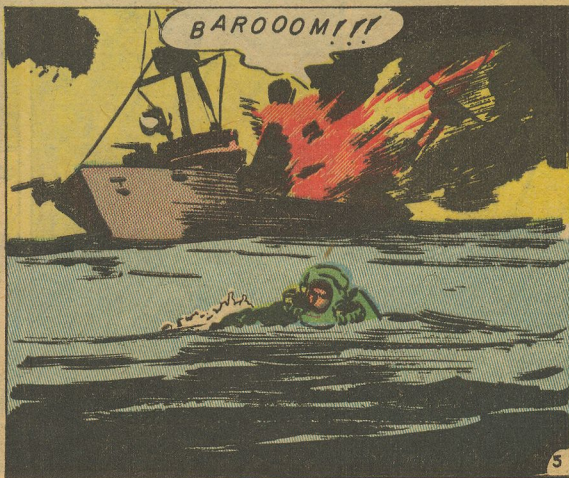
UH-OH! THAT'S SOMETHING WE  
DIDN'T FIGURE ON! A PATROL BOAT!  
CHARLEY'D BETTER WORK FAST!



AND SO HAD I! I'M GOING  
TO GET THAT TUB!



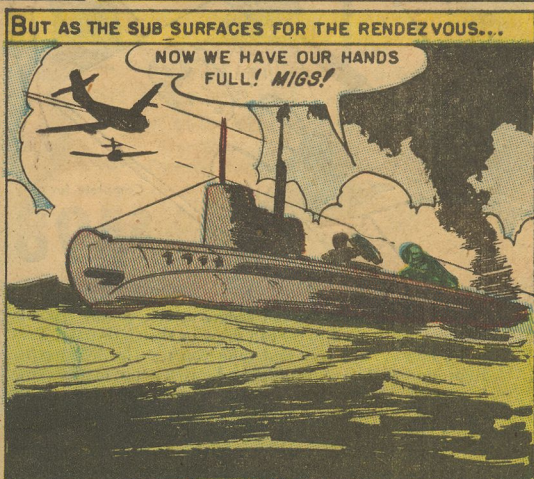
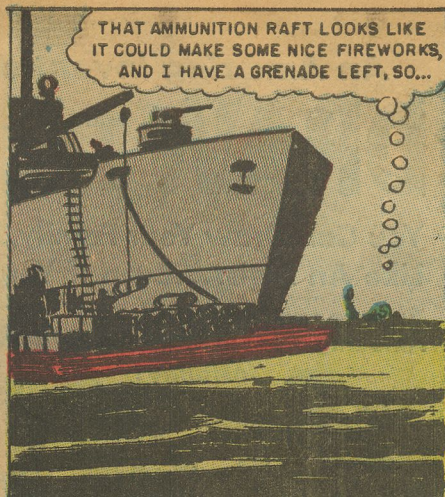
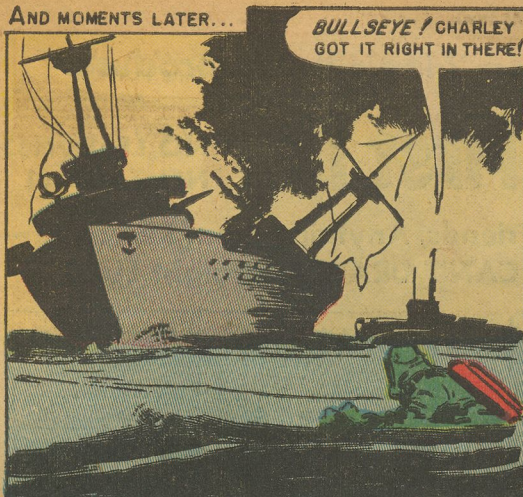
THIS PINEAPPLE WILL MAKE A  
NICE SALAD-- IF I  
CAN GET IT  
DOWN THE  
STACK!



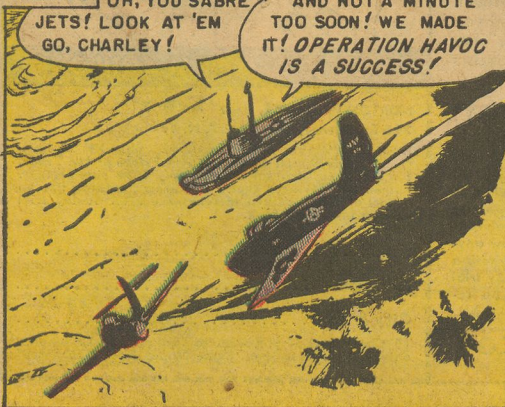
BAROOOM!!!



AND MOMENTS LATER...



BUT WITH SPLIT SECOND TIMING, THEIR AIR COVER SWEEPS IN, AS THE ESCORT BOAT SCUDS TOWARDS THEM...





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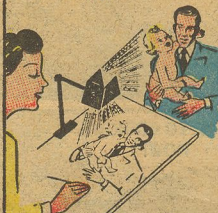
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just did

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*Roger D. Hirsch*

ROGER  
HIRSCH  
was an  
112 lb.  
6 ft.  
weakling  
LOOK  
AT HIM  
NOW!

Aren't YOU as SICK and Tired as I was  
of being SKINNY ?

CHICKEN-CHESTED  
SPINDLE-ARMED  
NARROW-SHOULDERED  
SHORT-WINDED  
WEAK, HALF-LIVE  
JEERED, BULLIED

Then do as I did...  
MAIL THE COUPON BELOW

I gained 53 lbs. of mighty muscle  
I added 6½ inches to my CHEST  
3 inches to each ARM

And the rest in proportion —  
ALL IN A FEW SHORT WEEKS  
by using the JOWETT SYSTEM

for building Real HE-MEN

There's that  
skinny scarecrow  
ROGER. Let's  
pass him by!



Come on, PAL, Now YOU give me  
10 pleasant Minutes a Day  
in your own home . . . and I'll  
give YOU a NEW HE-MAN BODY  
for your OLD SKELETON FRAME.

says GEORGE F. JOWETT  
World's Greatest Builder of HE-MEN

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is JUST 10 EXCITING MINUTES in your home to MAKE YOU OVER by the SAME METHOD I turned myself from a wreck to a Champion of Champions.

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When experts  
call "Champion  
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• World's wrestling  
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• 4 times "World's  
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Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES  
Gain Pounds, INCHES, FAST!

Friend, I've traveled the world. Made a LIFETIME STUDY of every way known to develop your body. Then I devised the BEST by TEST, my "5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POW" the only method that builds you 5-ways fast. You save YEARS, DOLLARS like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like Champ Roger Hirsch did. Like MANY THOUSANDS like you did. SO . . .

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